

HILLBILLY AND COWBOY HIT PARADE

COMPLETE
WORDS
AND
MUSIC
ARRANGED FOR
GUITAR • UKE
BANJO • PIANO
VIOLIN • VOICE

YOU ALL COME
LET ME BE THE ONE

WAKE UP IRENE

I LOVE YOU

RELEASE ME

HOOTCHY KOOTCHY HENRY

AFTER DARK

THE DECK OF CARDS

GIGOLO

KENTUCKY WALTZ

As Recorded By
ARLIE DUFF

HANK THOMPSON

PEE WEE KING

HANK LOCKLIN

JIMMIE HEAP

PLUS

PICTURES

and

STORIES

of your

Favorite Stars

HILLBILLY & COWBOY HIT PARADE

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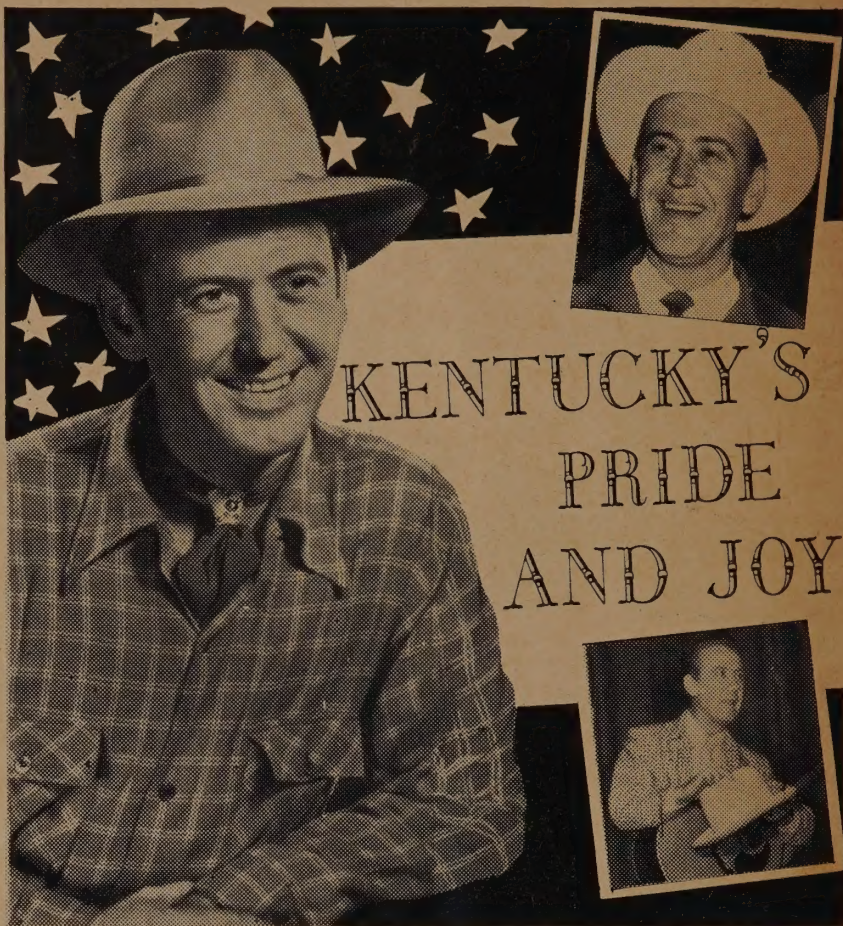
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RED FOLEY

It has been said that Red Foley is the "singinest" man who ever sang a cowboy song. Well, after hearing Red perform — both in person and on records — you just have to agree with this statement 100%. Among the many feats accomplished by the former Grand Ole Opry star are having three of his Decca recordings on the national best-seller charts at the same time. That's right — three at once — and all were different types of songs, listed in four musical categories: Spiritual, Country, Pop and Blues. The tunes, of course, were "Peace In The Valley," "Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes" and "Midnight."

Clyde (C.J.) Foley (Red's real name) was born in Tucumcari, New Mexico, in 1914. While he was still in knee pants, his folks moved East, settling on a farm near Berea, Kentucky.

Red took a lively interest in music right away, and, by the time he reached his seventh birthday, he was picking out folk tunes on the guitar. There was only one guitar between Red and his dad, so when the father wasn't playing, the youngster could always be found pickin' away. During the long evenings, they took turns, and it was in this manner that Red learned many of the songs that have long endeared him to the hearts of music lovers everywhere.

Red kept up with his music throughout grammar and high school — although not always following the advice of the music instructor his mother had engaged. It seemed that the boy had definite ideas of his own as to how a

folk song ought to be sung. At 17 he entered the Atwater-Kent Singing Contest on the stage of the Louisville Auditorium and came away with first prize.

Red attended Georgetown (Kentucky) College for one semester on a music scholarship, before a WLS (Chicago) talent scout spotted him and hired him on the spot for that station's big barn dance show. This was in 1930. Three years later, Red married the former Eva Overstake, then a member of the "Little Maids," who was also featured on WLS. The Foleys now have three daughters: Shirley Lee, Julie Ann and Jennie Lou — all of whom are musically inclined.

After five years in Chicago, Red resigned to go into partnership with John Lair, Whitey Ford (the "Duke of Paducah") and Red's only brother, Clarence, and organized the Renfrow Valley Show. He returned to Chicago for a spell, then was offered a starring spot on the WSM (Nashville) Grand Ole Opry, which he promptly accepted. Up until recently, Red was emcee and featured performer of the Prince Albert portion of the show, heard over more than 135 stations of the NBC Network.

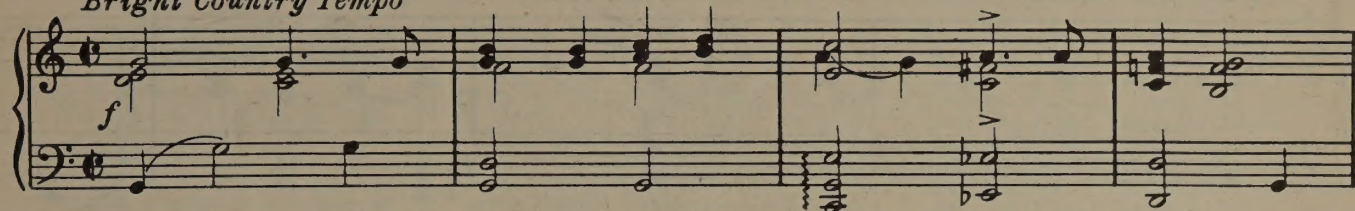
A Decca recording artist since 1941, the "Fabulous Foley" is now thrilling huge crowds on personal appearances throughout the nation. Among his most recent waxings are "Shake A Hand" and "Tennessee Whistling Man," backed with "As Far As I'm Concerned."

YOU ALL COME

(Y'ALL COME)

By
ARLIE DUFF

Bright Country Tempo



VERSE

1. When you live in the coun-try, Ev-'ry - bod-y is your neigh-bor, On
2. The kin-folks are a - com-in', They're a - com-in' by the doz-en,
3. Now, Grand-ma's a - wish-in', That they'd come out to the kitch-en, And

Piano accompaniment for the first verse. It follows the melody of the vocal lines, with chords C, C7, and F indicated above the staff. The piano part includes a bass line and a right-hand accompaniment.

this one thing you can re-ly,
Eat-in' ev-'ry-thing from soup to hay,
help to do the dish-es right a-way, But

Piano accompaniment for the second verse. It continues the melody and bass line, with chords C and G7 indicated above the staff. The piano part includes a bass line and a right-hand accompaniment.

They all come to see you, And they nev-er leave you, Say-in',
And right af-ter din-ner, They ain't look-in' an-y thin-ner, And
they all start a-leav-in', Ev-en tho' she's a-griev-in', Well,

Piano accompaniment for the third verse. It continues the melody and bass line, with chords C, C7, F, and Cdim. indicated above the staff. The piano part includes a bass line and a right-hand accompaniment.

Arr. by Lou Halmy

C G7 C F C

Y'ALL COME to see us by and by.
 here's what you hear them say.
 you can still hear Grand - ma say.

CHORUS C C7 F

Y'ALL COME, (Y'all Come) Y'ALL COME, (Y'all Come) Oh, —

C G7 C G7 C

Y'ALL COME to see us when you can, Y'ALL COME, (Y'all Come)

C7 F C G7

Y'ALL COME, (Y'all Come) Oh, Y'ALL COME to see us now and

1 C Cdim. Dm7 G7 To Verse 2 C

then. 2. The then.
 3. Now

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Tex Ritter, credited with starting the trend of popularity for cowboy songs and Western music some years ago, today is known as America's most beloved Western star and one of Capitol's top-ranking recording artists. Tex was among the first of the singing cowboys in motion pictures and was the first major sagebrush vocalizer on radio. He was on the original Lone Ranger radio series, both as writer and performer, and followed this work with a score of other appearances.

Among the shows on which he performed were "Death Valley Days," "Tex Ritter's Campfire" and "Cowboy Tom's Roundup." He also appeared in "Green Grow The Lilacs," a sensational stage production of the New York Theater Guild, co-starring Franchot Tone, and several other Western plays.

From the stage, Tex turned to Hollywood, working four years for Grand National, and then for Monogram, Columbia and Universal in well over 50 Western pictures. His first three Monogram flickers "Starlight Over Texas," "Sundown On The Prairie" and "Where The Buffalo Roam," created such nation-wide attention, as well as huge box office grosses, that film execs soon awoke to the fact that they had a potential gold mine on their hands.

Ritter's list of Capitol records and transcriptions includes most of the major Western songs, and his records have rated first, second and third place at the same time on the Western Hit Parade surveys published by Billboard Magazine. One of his top recordings of recent date was the unforgettable "High Noon." As most of you

know, it was Tex's voice that was heard in the background of the motion picture of the same name. The latest Ritter waxing is called "The Red Deck Of Cards," a song that's currently pushing its way up the popularity charts.

Tex was born January 12, 1906 in Panola County, Texas, where his father raised cotton, corn, peanuts, hogs and cattle on land first settled by Tex's great grandfather in 1830. He learned to ride, shoot and rope shortly after he could walk. From childhood on, his

TEX RITTER

life had been filled with the colorful atmosphere created by the Texas ranges.

At the University of Texas, Tex's early background gave him an advantage which soon established him as a leading folklore authority. Later he toured as a singing lecturer and was known as "The Texas Cowboy and his Songs."

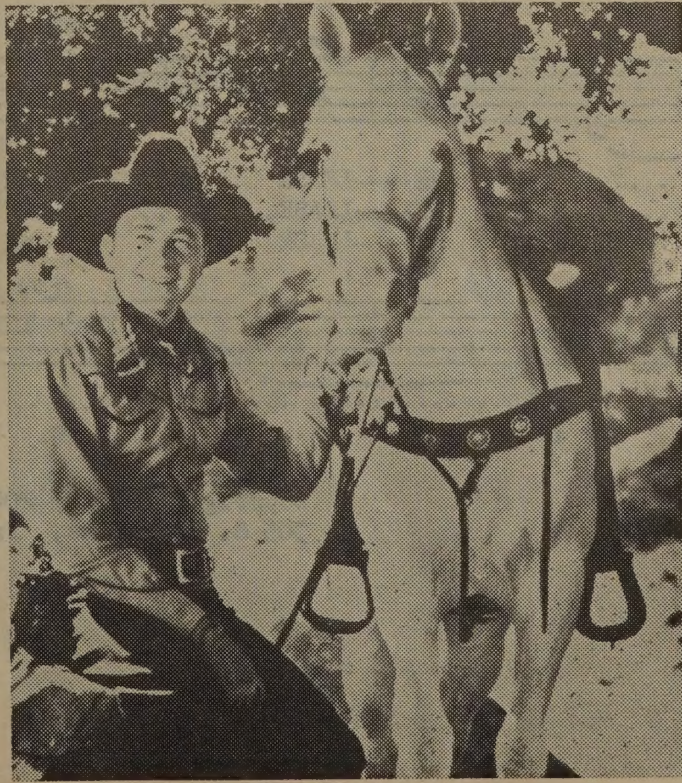
During one of these wandering-minstrel-type tours, he reached Chicago and enrolled at Northwestern University to continue his law studies, started in Texas. After a year, however, the lure of the footlights recaptured him and he went on to New York and ra-

dio. His strong Texas accent at first seemed to be a great handicap for stage and radio success, but soon incoming fan mail convinced producers that the lanky Texas lad had a unique appeal to the public.

Behind a rather lazy mannerism and his famous Texas drawl, Woodward Maurice (Tex) Ritter hides a school-boy's energy and puts unbounded enthusiasm into everything he does. He has extraordinary physical stamina, knows how to handle himself on a horse and loves the healthy and invigorating life of the range, the smell of pungent smoke from the branding iron and the sound of bellowing cattle. He could certainly qualify as a top-hand on any ranch.

Over six feet tall, Tex weighs 185 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair, an ingratiating smile and can roll his own cigarettes. He has the patience of a mule trainer, the perseverance of a bill collector and isn't easily depressed. He enjoys life completely and can talk easily — often brilliantly — on politics, music, art and horses. In fact, he'll talk on practically any subject but himself. Ritter's hobbies are prospecting — he owns part interest in several mines — and collecting Americana. His collection of cowboy, mountain and Negro songs is one of the most extensive in the country.

In June, 1941, Tex married Dorothy Fay Southworth, who had been his leading lady in motion pictures and who also knew much of Western folklore — since her home town was Prescott, Arizona. The couple live on a ranch near Van Nuys, Calif., which they call the "Lazy TNT Ranch." They have one son, Thomas Matthew Ritter.



RELEASE ME

By
EDDIE MILLER, DUB WILLIAMS
and ROBERT YOUNT

CHORUS

Please RE-----LEASE ME, let me
I have found a new love,
Please RE-----LEASE ME, let me

go..... I don't
dear..... And I'll
go..... I don't

love you an-----y-----more..... To
al-----ways want her near..... Her
love you an-----y-----more..... To

live to-----geth-----er is a sin.....
lips are warm while yours are cold.....
live to-----geth-----er is a sin.....

..... RE-----LEASE ME, and let me love a-----
..... RE-----LEASE..... ME dar-----ling let me
..... RE-----LEASE ME, and let me love a-----

gain..... Oh, gain.....
go.....

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LET ME BE THE ONE

Words by
W. S. STEVENSON
P. BLEVINS

Music by
J. HOBSON

LET ME BE THE ONE to walk with you When you want some--be---dy to
talk with you. An--y-thing that makes you hap--py, I want to do; Oh
darlin', LET ME BE THE ONE..... LET ME BE THE ONE who means the most; The
one you want to love and call your own; And when you choose your partner, I
want to be the choice... Oh please, LET ME BE THE ONE.....

2- LET ME BE THE ONE to sit with you,
And when you want some levin' I'll know just what to do...
Lots and lots of huggin' and a kiss or two;
You've gotta LET ME BE THE ONE.
LET ME BE THE ONE to take you out
To your fav'rite places; you have no doubt,
And when the evening's gone with a kiss goodnight,
Oh please, LET ME BE THE ONE.

3- LET ME BE THE ONE to share with you
All your little pleasures and sorrows, too...
In all kinds of weather I want to be with you;
Oh please, LET ME BE THE ONE.
LET ME BE THE ONE to hold your hand
When the preacher says, "Do you take this man?"
All those happy thoughts will be so much fun
If you'll only LET ME BE THE ONE.

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Wake Up, Irene

Words and Music by
WELDON ALLARD and
JOHNNY HATCHCOCK

Tune Uke
G C E A

Moderately

Piano

Verse

1. For months and months and months a-round the coun-try — Ev-'ry-bod-y
2. (Oh,) lots of gui-tar pick-ers by the doz-en — Sang 'Good-night, I-

sang "I-rene, Good - night." — But she would-n't go to bed ho mat-ter what they
rene" all night and day. — And e - ven Cros-by, too, with his boo boo boo bee

said, Though ev - 'ry - bod - y tried with all their might. — She
doo — Tried to get I - rene to hit the hay. — Well, I

stayed a - wake while steel gui - tars were go - in'. — In ev - 'ry honk - y
guess they fin - 'lly sang her off to slum - ber, — They must have tried a

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tonk she could be seen. But she fin -'lly went to bed and
mil - lion times or more. But, oh, my ach - in' back, when she

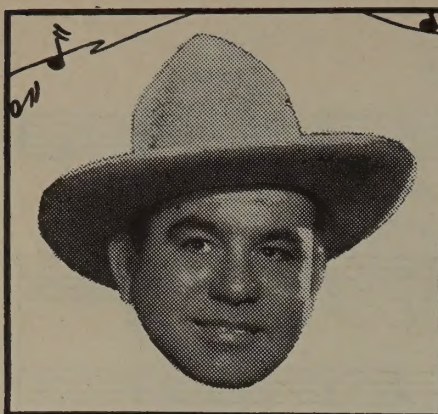
cov - ered up her head. And now there's not a thing can wake I - rene.
fin -'lly hit the sack, Man, you ought to hear that wo - man snore.

Chorus

Wake up, I - rene, you slept too long. Wake up, I - rene, it's

time to move a - long. Wake up, I - rene, and pay for your bed.

Wake up, I - rene, or folks will think you're dead. 2. Oh, dead.



By BOBBY GREGORY

Some of the old-timers in the music business say that Hillbilly, Folk and Western music first got started in the following way. It seems that there was a baby born in a cabin astraddle the Mason-Dixon line, and unlike most babies, instead of crying, this baby was singing from the first day he was born. Of course, you couldn't understand the lyrics very well, but this kid sure did have melody in his voice, and his top notes were as clear as a bell. Anyway, they named this singing baby Sam, and being that he was born astraddle the Mason-Dixon line, his nationality was half Hillbilly and half Yankee.

With a banged-up guitar, left behind during the Civil War, Sam managed to learn to finger the three well-known standard chords, C, G7 and F. In the beginning, he sang every song in the key of C, but by the time he was 12 years old, he had memorized about a hundred songs. He knew them so well that he could play "Dixie" on his guitar and sing "Yankee Doodle" at the same time — without missing a beat. As he grew up, he grew tall and skinny and had some of the features of Uncle Sam — so all the neighbors nicknamed him "Uncle Sam Junior."

Now Sam was brought up near the railroad tracks, and the sound of a train whistle was music to his ears. He could imitate the sound of a freight train coming around the bend with his strong voice and imitate the rhythm of the train wheels on his guitar. As those trains would come through his village, with strange-looking people gazing out the train windows, Sam got to wondering where those trains came from and where they went to. So, one day the urge to travel got the best of him, and as a coal train stopped at the coal tippie to take on water and coal, Sam threw his old guitar over his shoulder and climbed up on one of the cars. He picked a nice hard place to sit down and sat there, strumming his old guitar and singing his blues away.

After about six hours of rolling along, Sam's stomach reminded him that it was about time to eat. It was close to sundown, and the train was passing a nice big orchard on a hill, so Sam piled off of the coal train and went over to the orchard and helped himself to a few nice big sweet Southern apples. Now, from riding in the coal car Sam was about as black as two black crows, so he went down to a creek and washed his face and hands and dried them with his shirt-tail. Being that it was starting to get dark, and there were no shacks or box-cars in sight, Sam went over to the orchard, picked out a nice big apple tree and lay down to sleep, using his old guitar

UNCLE

as a pillow. Next morning, after a good night's sleep, he threw his shoe up in the tree, and down came his breakfast in the form of about ten nice big red apples. He ate what he could; then jammed his pockets full of apples and sat by the railroad tracks, waiting for another train to come by. As he sat there he began a-strummin' and a-singin' this song:

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

When springtime has come, oh then
won't we have fun?
We will give up our jobs and we'll go
on the bum,
Oh why don't I work like the other
men do,
How the deuce can I work when the
skies are so blue?

Chorus

Hallelujah, I'm a bum, Hallelujah bum
again,
Hallelujah, give us a hand-out to re-
vive us again,

2nd

I don't want no job, and a job don't
want me,
For I may get my little white hands
all dirty,
I ride on box cars, and I ride on fast
mails,
When it's cold in the winter, I seep in
the jails.

3rd

I went to a house and I knocked on
the door,
And the lady came out, says "You've
been here before
And why don't you work like the other
men do?"
How the deuce can I work when there's
no work to do?

4th

I passed a saloon and I heard someone
snore,
And I saw the bartender asleep on the
floor,
I stayed there and drank until I had
my fill,
If he hadn't woke up, I'd be drinking
there still.

5th

The springtime has come, and I'm just
out of jail,
And I ain't got no money, it all went
for bail,
I hopped on a train, and the brakeman
came by
And he says "Bo, get off, or I'll blacken
your eye."

Whoo-eeee! whoo-eeee! Sam perked
right up when he heard that sound and
saw the black smoke curling from the
smokestack of the oncoming freight.
Sam threw his old guitar across his
back again, and as the old freight train
slowed down on the steep grade, he ran
along and hopped on an open top gon-
dola. Then he climbed over into the car,
and to Sam's surprise there sat two
old hobos eating a can of sardines and
a box of crackers. They offered Sam

the empty sardine can, but not being
quite that hungry, he threw the can
away, pulled out one of his big red
apples and started chewing away. Sam
said to one of the bo's, "Where you
from, pal?" The bo shrugged his shoul-
ders and said "Oh, from everywhere—
and I'm headed for the same place."
Then Sam asked the other bo where he
was from, and he answered, I'm from
Circleville, U.S.A., but I never get to
the end of the circle." Then he added,
"What are you doing with that piece
of furniture strung across your back?"
Sam answered, "Why, that is my bread
and butter box. You see, when I get
good and hungry, I start strummin'
on this box and singin' and that usually
earns me my bread and butter. After
strumming his C, G7 and F, back and
forth, Sam began singing this old song:

TRAMP TRAMP TRAMP

He walked up and down the street
'Til the shoes fell off his feet
Across the way he spied a lady cooking
stew,
And he said, "How do you do,
May I chop some wood for you?"
But the lady said, "Now, tramp, you
better skidoo."

Chorus

Tramp tramp tramp, keep on a
trampin',
There is nothing here for you
If I catch you 'round again,
You will wear a ball and chain
Keep on trampin', if you know what's
good for you.

2nd

Across the street a sign he read,
"Work For Yourself," so it said
So he said, "Here is my chance and I
will try,"
So he knocked upon the door,
'Til his knuckles they got sore,
When the door opened he heard a big
loud cry.

3rd

Down the street he met a cop,
And that copper made him stop,
And he said, "When did you blow into
our town?"
Then he took him 'fore the Judge,
But the Judge he said, "Ah fudge,
He is broke so kindly lead him out of
town."

Sam pleased the two hobos with
this song, and they offered to try to
get him a job on the river boats when
they reached New Orleans. Sam loved
to sing, and at every town where they
would get off to grab a bite to eat,
Sam would start singin' and strummin'
his guitar. The two hobos would start
dancing, and a small crowd would ga-
ther around and watch the entertain-
ment. As a rule the people would toss
them a few pennies; then they would
buy a can of beans and a loaf of punk
(bread to you) and would all share it
together.

Soon, they arrived in New Orleans
and strolled down Canal Street towards
the river front, where people were un-



SAM JR.

loading bales of cotton, fruits and vegetables from up the river. Gazing up at the wheel-house of the "River Queen," they saw a sign which read: "Three Men Wanted." So, the "Three Musketeers" strolled up to the captain's quarters and applied for the jobs. The two hobos signed on as deck hands, while Sam, to protect his lily-white hands, took a job as a waiter. (Of course, with the idea of getting first crack at the boat's Mulligan Stew). The trio made a happy buck working on the run between New Orleans and Memphis, and in the evening, after work hours, they would entertain the passengers with Sam's singing and playing and the two hobos' dancing and story-telling. This old river song was one of their favorites.

I CATCH A-PLenty DA FEESH

I sail-a da muddy river,
I catch-a da plenty da feesh,
I catch-a some-a small-a ones
And some-a bigg-a like dees,
The rain come down like thunder,
The wind blows thru-a my wheesk,
I catch-a da carp and catfish,
Oh what a wonderful deesh.

Some time I catch-a da oyster,
Sometime I catch-a da shrimp,
Sometime I catch-a da rheumatiz,
So bad he make-a me limp,
I make-a da lots o' money,
More den I ever weesh,
I catch-a da carp and catfish,
Oh what a wonderful deesh.

Some-a day I quit da feeshin',
I catch-a me a wife,
I settle down on Canal Street
And live a easy life,
When I run out of money,
Then I go catch-a some feesh,
I catch-a da carp and catfish,
Oh what a wonderful deesh.

And being that river fish was served twice daily, the waiter singing this song was always good for a few encores and a few good tips. Sam was doing good, but he had a burning ambition to see what was further up the river beyond Memphis. He had heard the passengers telling wild stories about the wagon trains heading West over the prairies — and being a "music tramp" at heart, Sam quit the "River Queen" at Memphis and got a job on another boat going up the river as far as Illinois.

Sam always wanted to see what was on the other side of that distant hill, and when he would get there, he'd want to know what was beyond the next hill. When he reached Cairo, Illinois, there sure enough was a wagon train of fine white covered wagons loading up with supplies, getting ready to take off across the prairies. This sight thrilled Sam, and being that the wagon trains needed more men than they could get, Sam joined them as driver of the chuck wagon. With his old guitar, he would help spirit up the group after a long hard dusty day on the

open prairies. Here is one of the songs he would sing:

DAKOTA LAND

We've reached the land of the desert
heat

Where nothing grows for man to eat,
'Twill pop the corns upon your feet,
Such feverish heat, it's hard to beat.

Chorus

O Dakota land, old Dakota land,
As on this fiery soil I stand,
I look across the open plains
And wonder why it never rains,
Till Gabriel blows his trumpet sound
There'll be no rain to wet the ground.

2nd

We've reached the land of hills and
stones,
Where plains are strewn with buffalo
bones,
O buffalo bones, bleached buffalo
bones,
I seem to hear their sighs and moans.

3rd

We have no wheat, we have no oats
We have no corn to feed our goats,
Our chickens they are very poor
They beg for crumbs around the door.

4th

Our horses they can't keep the pace,
Starvation stares them in the face,
We hope to find beyond those hills
Water and food on which to fill.

Although the trip was heart-breaking, with the women and children thirsting for water and the animals suffering from thirst and the heat, things were all right when they reached a stream. Sam would make sure that all got their fill and that every jug and barrel was filled for the next long stretch of driving.

Sometimes the women folks would try to talk their husbands into turning around and going back, saying that they would never be able to cross the plains ahead of them. But Sam would encourage them to keep on going and to follow the golden sun, which would guide them across the plains. And when Sam would start singing some of his humorous songs, they would forget about their troubles and keep forging Westward.

Then one morning, far across the large valley, they sighted a streak of dust. At first they didn't know what it was — a prairie whirl-pool or a dust storm — but it turned out to be a Pony Express rider, riding East to tell of the finding of gold in California. This good news gave the whole group new courage and the will to keep plowing West, until they reached the gold fields and their hopes for treasure. Sam strummed his guitar louder and sang songs of hope, such as "California," which follows:

CALIFORNIA

When formed our band, we are well-
manned
To journey afar to the promised land

The golden ore is rich in store
On the banks near the Sacramento
shore.

Chorus

Then ho, boys ho, to California we go,
There's plenty of gold in the world
I'm told
On the banks near the Sacramento
shore.

2nd

Tho' the trail is very long,
We will keep singing a song,
There's a treasure waiting in store
On the banks near the Sacramento
shore.

3rd

The gold is there, almost everywhere,
We can dig it out with an iron bar,
But where it is thick, we dig it with
a pick
We take out chunks as big as a brick.

When they reached the Sacramento shore, all got busy panning out gold — except Sam, who would rather sing than pan for gold. So, he got himself a job singing in one of the cabarets, and the miners would tip him with gold nuggets and little sacks of gold for singing and playing their favorite songs; such as "My Darling Clementine," "Sweet Betsy From Pike" and other favorites. He made his fortune in a fairly short while — not by digging gold — but with his guitar and songs.

So, when you hear some of the real old folk songs, think of "Uncle Sam Junior." For, this happy-go-lucky troubadour has been there — whether it was in the mountain villages of the South, riding on freight trains with the hobos, sailing on the Mississippi river boats, crossing the prairies on a covered wagon train, with the miners at their diggin's, among the lumberjacks getting out logs for their log cabins or with the cowboys on the range. Wherever folk songs are written about, "Uncle Sam Junior" has been there with his trusty guitar, singing and playing and spreading his folk music from coast to coast.

Sam lived back in the days when everything had to be done the hard way. There were no phonograph records to carry his voice to millions of listeners; nor were there networks of radio stations to carry his songs from coast to coast, nor movies to carry him around the world. But in those old songs there still lives the spirit of "Uncle Sam Junior"; for it was he, who with just his voice and his guitar, lived through some of the most historical times of the U.S.A.

Do not confuse "Uncle Sam Junior" with our big "Uncle Sam," who guides the lives of 160,000,000 of his children. But it was "Uncle Sam Junior" who kept the old songs alive, spread them from coast to coast and saw to it that they were preserved for all future generations so that Uncle Sam's 160,000,000 and the whole world can enjoy these songs today.

I LOVE YOU

Tune Uke
G C E A

Words and Music by
BILLY BARTON

Moderato with a lift

mf

CHORUS

I LOVE YOU, You, You, No one new will ev - er

do, Al - ways true, true, true I'll for -

ev - er be to you. I love you, no one

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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new will ev - er, ev - er do, I'll al - ways be good and

1.2. Last time

true 'cause I LOVE YOU, You, You. (to recitation) You.

RECITATION (Music background)

- 1 -

The wedding bells are ringing in the chapel just over the hill,
 They're ringing for the wedding of my best friend, Bill.
 He'll wed the girl I love and I'd rather die,
 But to live I've got to choose.
 I've lost her and I've lost a friend
 But there's one thing I'll never lose,
 And that's the way she says.....(to Chorus)

- 2 -

In a shy sort of way, I can even hear her now,
 Just like she was here to-day.
 She said she would always love me
 And she would always be good and true.
 Yes, that's the one thing I'll never forget,
 The way she says.....(to Chorus)

Hootchy Kootchy Henry

(From Hawaii)

Tune Uke

G C E A

Moderato with a lift (not too slow)

Words and Music by
MITCHELL TOROK

mf

CHORUS

Oh, HOOT-CHY KOOT-CHY HEN-RY FROM HA-WAI-I — He danc-es hoot-chy koot-chy in the

sand, On the beach at Wai-ki-ki, a-neath the co-coa-nut - a tree, He does the

hoot - chy koot - chy dance to beat the band. —

1. 2. 3. — To Verse Cdim Bb7 ii Bb Last time

In old Ha —
2. In old Ha —
3. In old Ha — band
4. When the trop-i-cal

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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VERSE

wai - i - a - neath the spread - ing co - coa - nut tree -
 wai - i - he danc - es out on the shore -
 wai - i - when the sun is sink - in' so low -
 moon - beams out o - ver the sea -

There lives a gay lad whose heart is free -
 And the brown-skinned na - tives all cry for more -
 And the U. S. steam - er loads up to go -
 And lone - ly hearts long for com - pa - ny

He's got no mon - ey still he owns the world -
 He plays his gui - tar Ha - wai - ian style -
 He sings his love song to the girls on deck -
 He rides the is - land of all its blues -

He's got his grass-a clip-pers read - y for a hu - la hu - la girl. Oh,
 The mel - o - dy that he's play - in' drives the is - land - ers wild. Oh,
 They swim right back to the is - land just to hug him by the neck. Oh,
 He gets his kicks from a - drink - in' ice - a go - coa - nut - a juice. So.

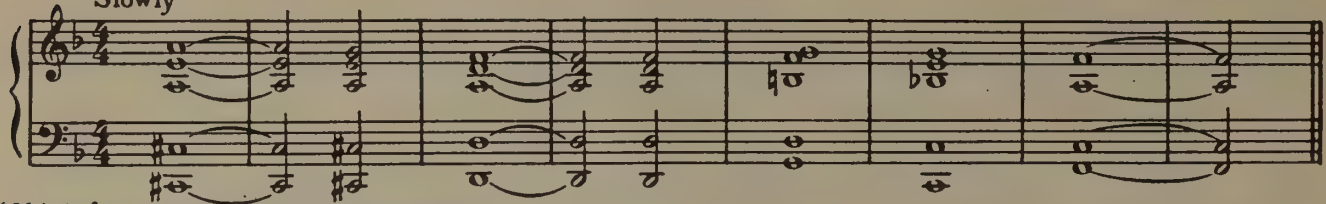
Chords: E_b , Bb , $Fdim$, $F7$, Bb , $Bb7$, E_b , $Gdim$, Bb , $Fdim$, $F7$, $Cm7$, $F7$, $Cm7$, $F7$, Bb , $F7$

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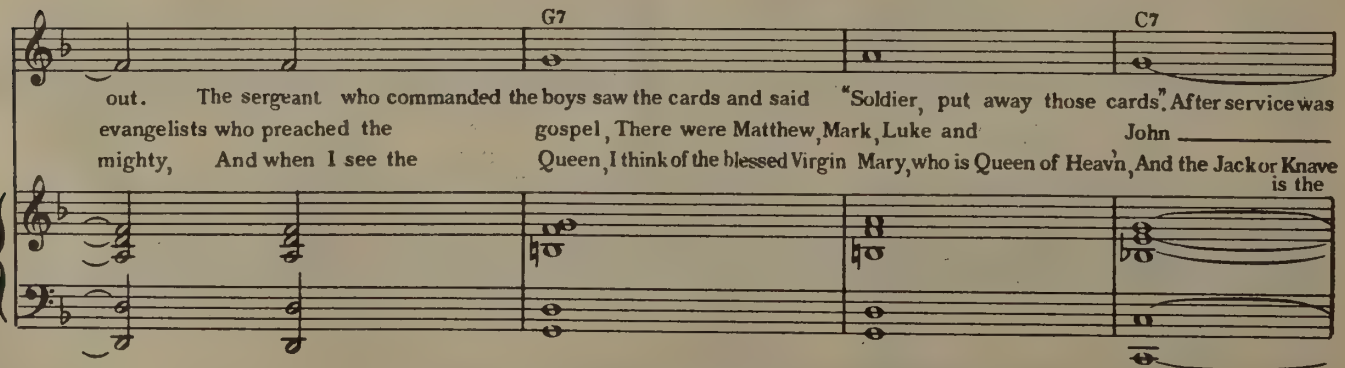
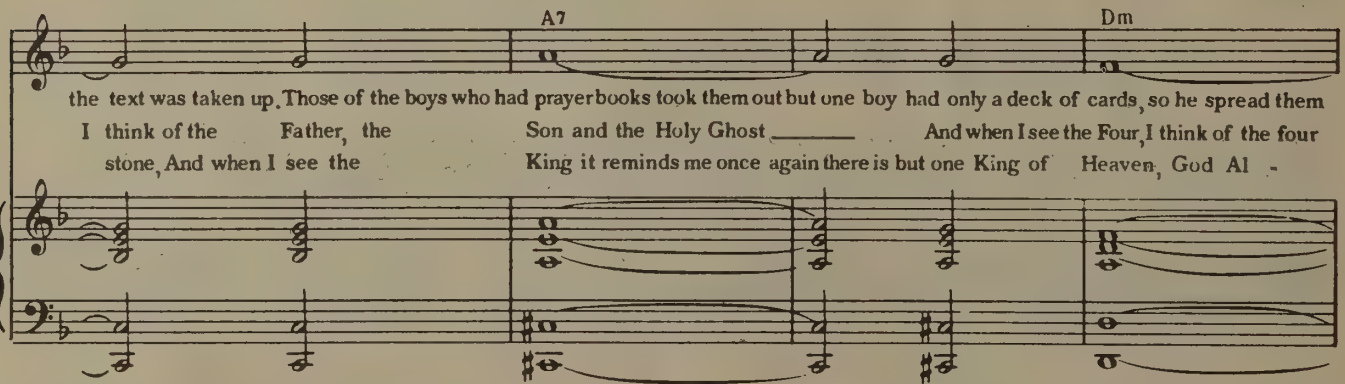
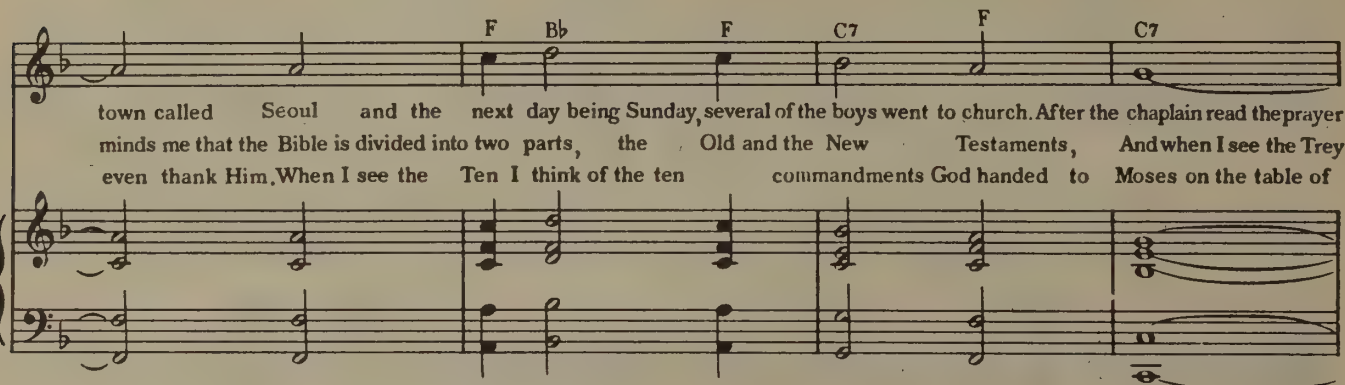
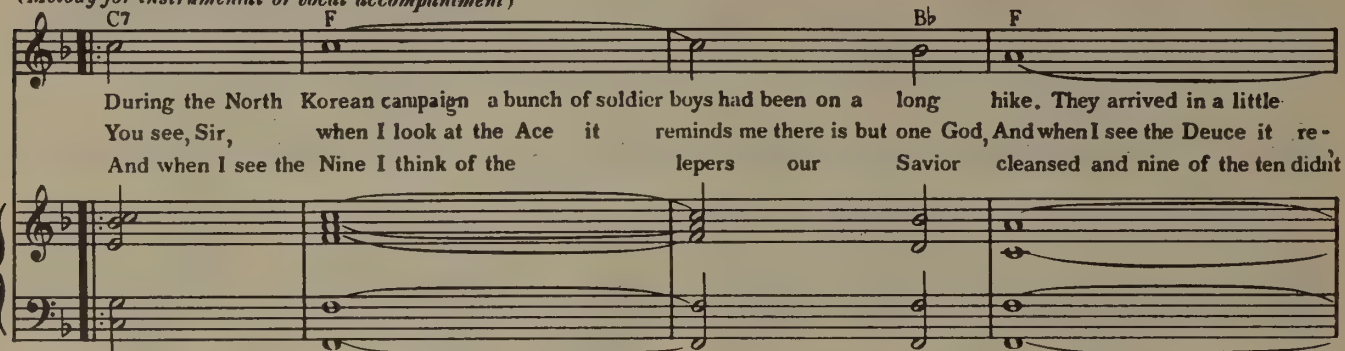
The Deck Of Cards

Music composed and
Words written and adapted
by T. Texas Tyler

Slowly



(Melody for instrumental or vocal accompaniment)



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over the soldier was taken prisoner and brought before the provost marshal The marshal said "Sergeant, why have you brought this
And when I see the Five it reminds me of the five Wise Virgins who trimmed their lamps. There were ten of them,
Devil, And when I count the number of spots on a deck of cards I find three hundred and sixty five, the number of days in a

man here?" "For playing cards in church, Sir." "And what have you to say for yourself, Son?" "Much, Sir," The soldier re-
five were wise and were saved, Five were foolish and were shut out, And when I see the Six it reminds me that in six days God
year. There are fifty two cards, the number of weeks in a year, There are thirteen tricks, the number of weeks in a

plied The marshal said "I hope so, for if not I shall punish you severely" The soldier said "You see, Sir, I have been on the
made this great Heaven and Earth, And when I see the Seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested, march for six
quarter. There are four suits, the number of weeks in a month, There are twelve picture cards, the number of months in a

days and I had neither bible nor prayer book, But I hope to satisfy you, Sir, with the purity of my intentions
And when I see the Eight I think of the eight righteous persons God saved when he destroyed this earth, There was Noah, his wife, their
year. So you see, Sir, my deck of cards has served me as a Bible, Almanac and

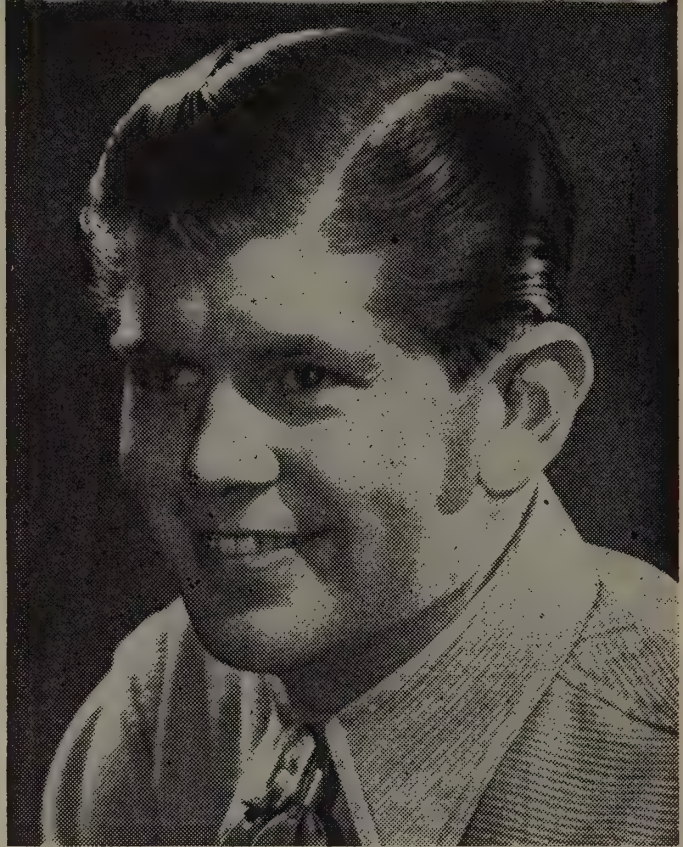
2. three sons and their wives. prayer book And, friends, this story is true. I know, because I knew that soldier -

* Count the spots one to ten, the Jack as eleven, Queen as twelve, King as thirteen and the Joker as one.

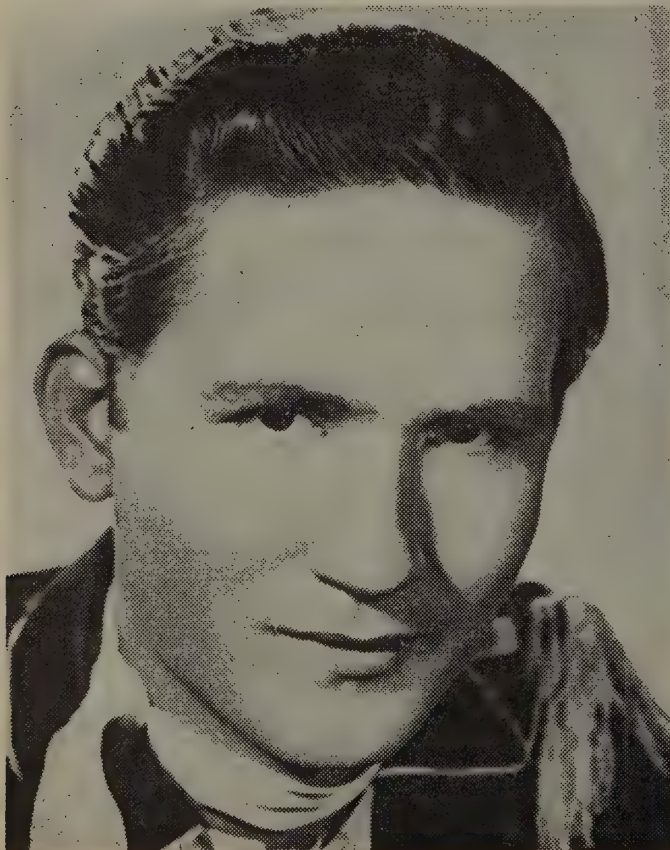
THE STAR-FEST



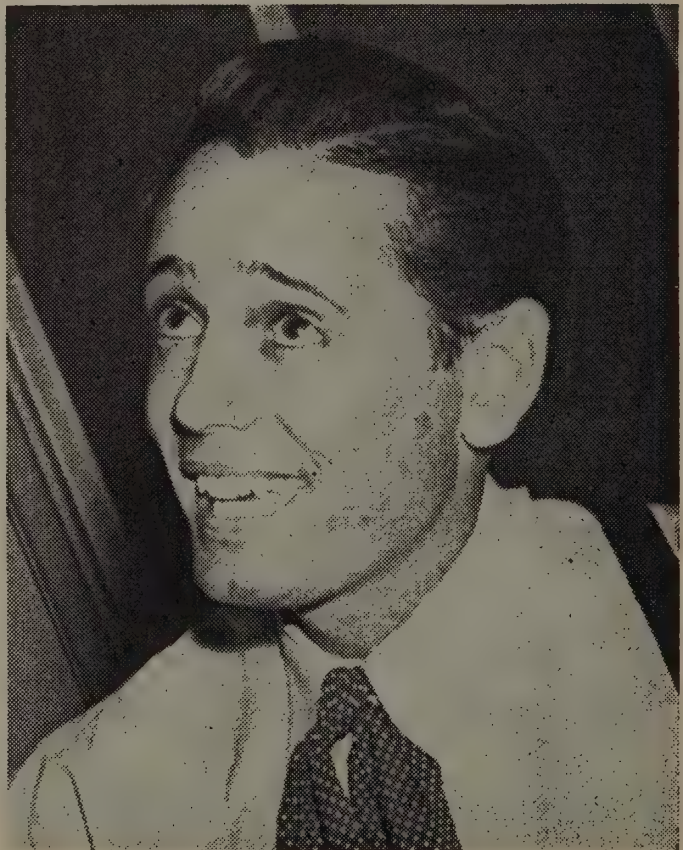
GINNY WRIGHT



ELTON BRITT



DUB DICKERSON



BOBBY WILLIAMSON



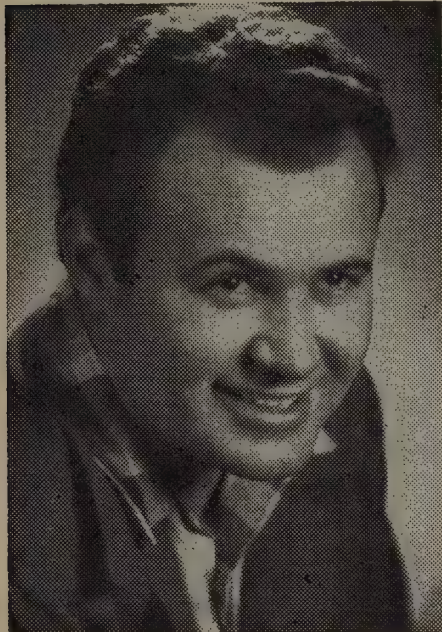
LES "CARROT TOP" ANDERSON



JIMMIE OSBORNE



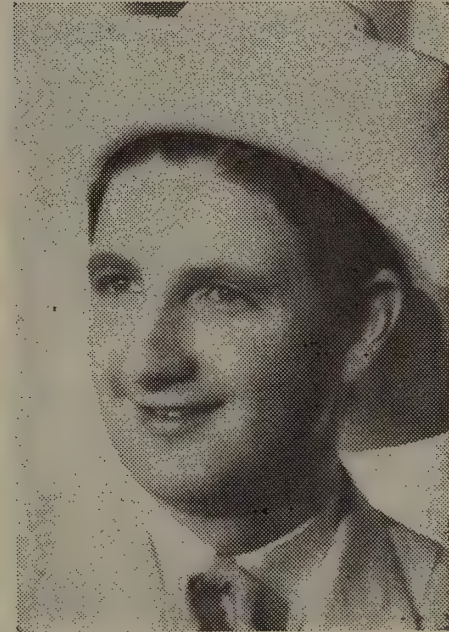
DEACON ANDY GRIFFITH



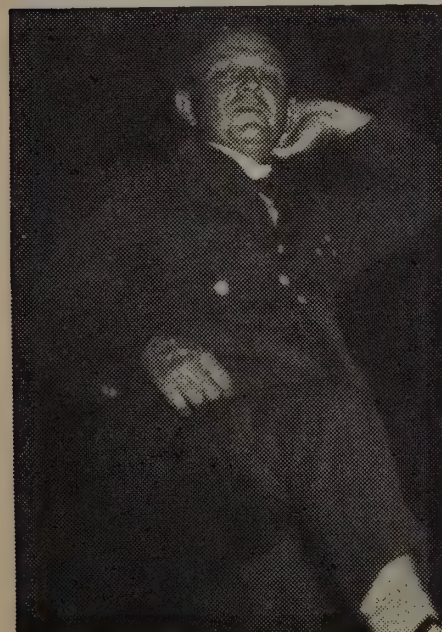
T. TOMMY CUTRER



ROSE LEE AND JOE MAPHIS



BOOTS WOODALL



DUKE OF PADUCAH



JOHNNY BOND



DEL WOOD

Go Cry Your Heart Out

Tune Uke
G C E A

Words and Music by
HANK THOMPSON
and BILLY GRAY

Moderately

Piano

mp

Chorus



1. Well, there ain't no use to try, 'cause we said our last good-bye.
2. hoped it was - n't true — when peo - ple told me what you'd do.

mp



Go cry your heart out, don't come cry-in' to me. You got to pay for your mis-
— Well, you nev - er thought I'd

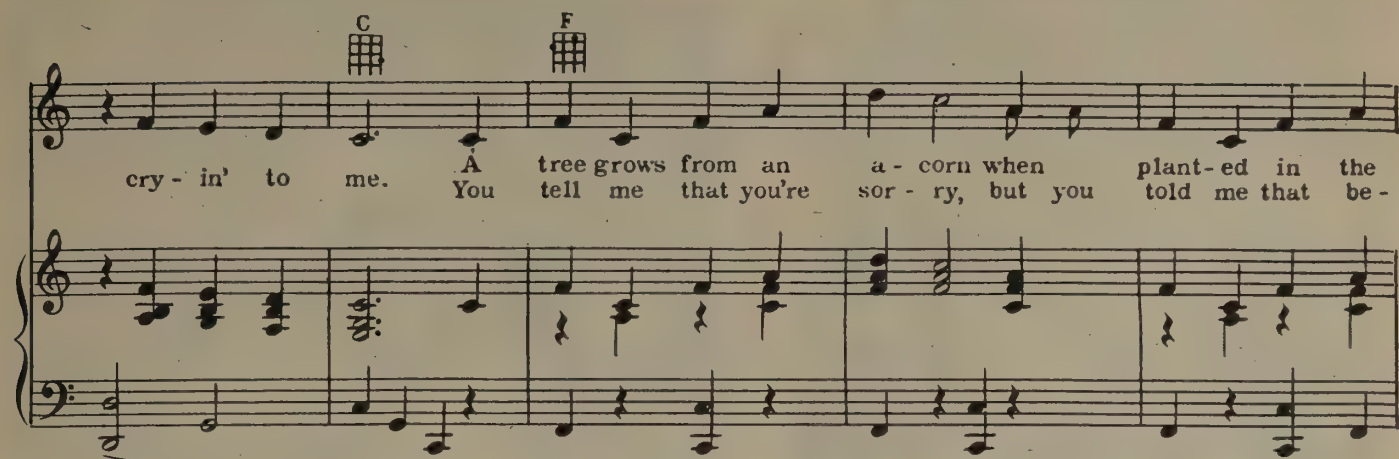


take though you say your heart will break. Go cry your heart out, don't come
find out the things that changed my mind.

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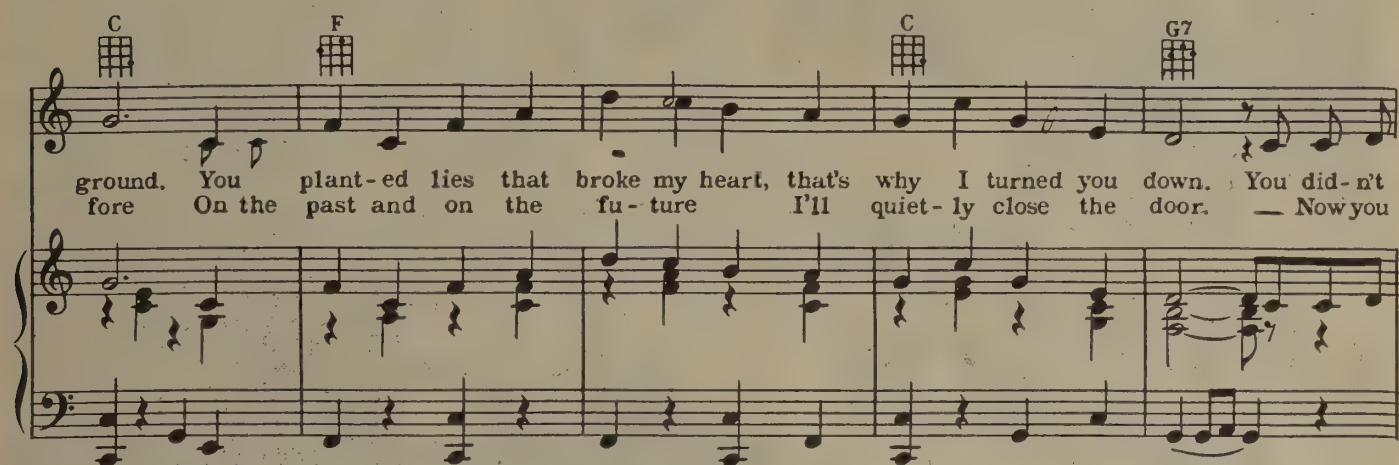
C F

cry - in' to me. A tree grows from an a - corn when plant - ed in the
You tell me that you're sor - ry, but you told me that be -



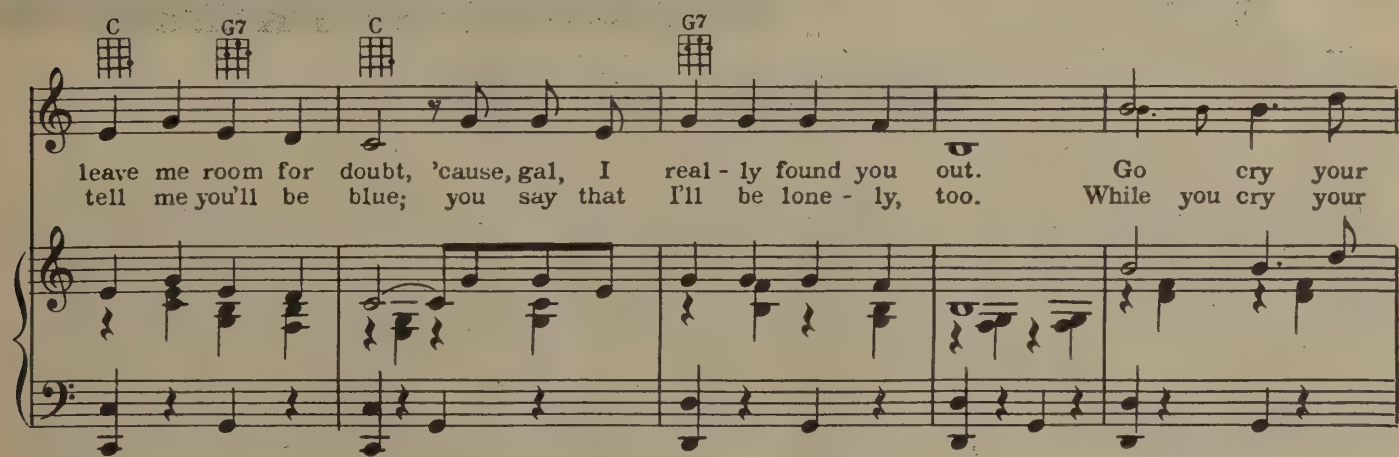
C F C G7

ground. You plant - ed lies that broke my heart, that's why I turned you down. You did - n't
fore On the past and on the fu - ture I'll quiet - ly close the door. — Now you



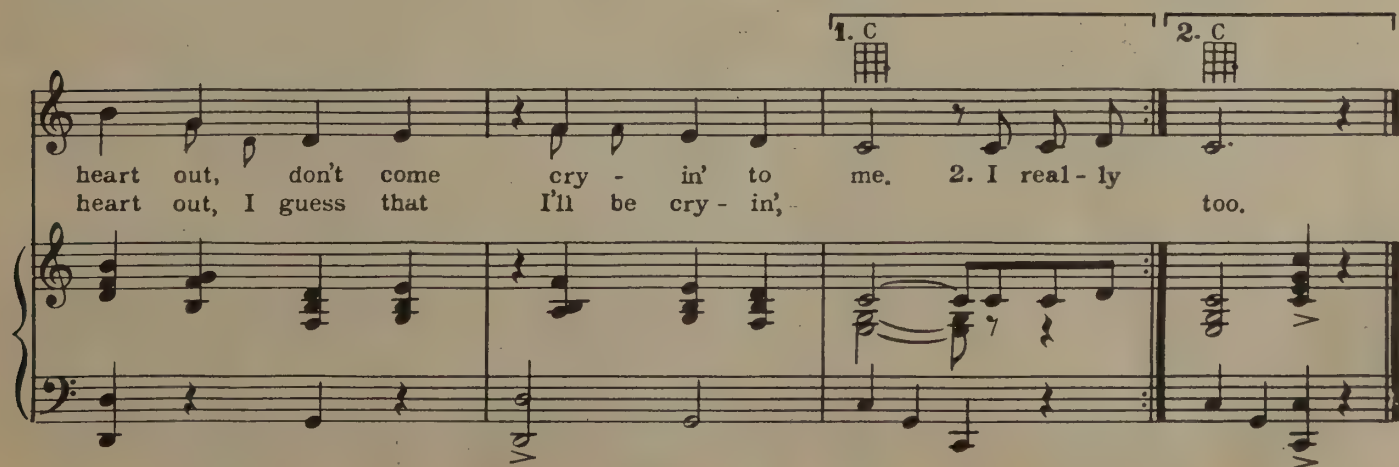
C G7 C G7

leave me room for doubt, 'cause, gal, I real - ly found you out. Go cry your
tell me you'll be blue; you say that I'll be lone - ly, too. While you cry your



1. C 2. C

heart out, don't come cry - in' to me. 2. I real - ly
heart out, I guess that I'll be cry - in', too.





MINNIE PEARL

Minnie Pearl is the homespun comedienne of the WSM Grand Ole Opry who brings down the house every Saturday night with her homey patter and songs. She was born in Centerville, Tennessee, which is about fifty miles southwest of Nashville, in 1912. The exact date remains her secret, as part of a woman's prerogative. To be exact however, we cannot say that Minnie was born these some-odd years ago. It was Ophelia Colley who was born then. Minnie came along much later, as this story reveals.

Ophelia lived the normal life of a young girl in a small town of a family above the average means. She never wanted for anything — least of all diversion. For she more than made up for what the town lacked in playmates by her own vivid imagination.

That imagination turned toward "play-acting," and as years went by, toward "acting." Nothing would do but that the Centerville "Katherine Cornell" should have serious training for the stage.

The envy of many a young lassie, Ophelia went off to Ward-Belmont College, a swank girl's school in Nashville which attracted sub-debs from all over the country. But the Centerville entrant was not so much concerned with the finishing touches as with the dramatic work offered there. For five years, she labored to learn the technique of the stage. Then, after receiving her glossy diploma, back she went to Centerville's security to teach youngsters there the fine art of the drama (with a long "A").

But two years of this found her gradually getting momentum for the big plunge, which was made in 1934 when Ophelia joined the Wayne P. Sewell Producing Company of Atlanta. With the Sewell outfit, she traveled all over the South, giving dramatic readings and coaching home talent for their own productions.

She still yearned for the serious side of drama, but fate seemed to conspire to turn her toward comedy. There was an abundance of native humor to be found in these little communities all over the South, humor which seemed to be begging for expression. Minnie lived in the homes of the country-folk she was teaching, worked hours on end with the whole small township producing their own plays. Invariably, she learned they were better at their own sort of plays than with those of any playwright, including Shakespeare.

If that were the case of the country-folk of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas — then it was doubtless so of Tennesseans . . . of those from Centerville, including Ophelia. So, for three years the young girl traveled through twenty states of the South and Southeast, talking with, working with and living with the folks in the country areas and small towns.

Little by little, she picked up bits of wit and humor from the natives which she incorporated into the character she began building . . . building with one idea in mind — presenting it on the Grand Ole Opry.

Minnie Pearl, then, is no one character, but bits of many people Ophelia

Colley knows very well. So are the other characters that appear on the Opry with Minnie; all creations gleaned from her extensive travels through the rural Southland. And, Grinder's Switch, where Minnie "lives," is actually a place not far from Centerville.

"Nobody lives there anymore," Ophelia explained, "so, I thought they wouldn't mind if I moved Minnie in. Nobody has complained, and I reckon the only one who would is Farmer Stephenson, who owns the ground where Grinder's Switch is located. There used to be a couple of families there, but they moved away. It makes a nice home for Minnie Pearl."

Incidentally, that name is the part of two persons who contributed to the creation. But, since her debut on the Grand Ole Opry, she has heard from scores of real, honest-to-goodness Minnie Pearls.

Speaking of debuts, Minnie was recently signed to an RCA Victor recording contract and her first coupling was released January 18. One side is called "I Wish't They Would," written by Boudleaux Bryant, who penned "Hey Joe" and several other hits, and is based on an expression frequently used by Minnie on her stage and radio appearances. The other side features a favorite topic of discussion of the gal from Grinder's Switch — "Man."

Although Minnie is pretty "dumb," no one has complained, for she is too real and lovable. Nobody could dislike her or take exception to what she says. All agree that Minnie Pearl has added glory — if not glamour — to the Opry.

GIGOLO

Bright Tempo

Ad lib.

Tune Uke

G C E A

Words and Music by
MITCHELL TOROK

GI - GO - LO. ——— *a tempo*

tremolo L.H.

VERSE




1. GI - GO - LO. he was a clown. Al - ways mak - in' peo - ple
2. His smile was made of make-up and his lips would nev - er

laugh. He'd put on his paint and pow-der. tho' his heart was broke in
speak. — No - bod - y ev - er saw the tears that trick - led down his





half. He would drown the peo - ple's sor-rows, as he fro-licked to and
cheek. Out - side, he bright-ened up the word, in - side the pain would

Arr. by Lou Halmy

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fro. But no - bod - y knew the sor - row in the heart of GI - GO - LO.
 show. But no - bod - y knew the sor - row in the heart of GI - GO - LO.

In his dance there was a sad - ness. came from man - y years a -
 One day a young - ster found him ly - in' 'neath the can - vas
 3. The earth was heaped up - on him and the clay was packed so

go, A wo - man he - had cher - ished, al - so
 top. His wea - ry heart had ceased to beat and
 cold. They left his bounc - ing bod - y a -

in the cir - cus show. She was Queen of the
 all his life had stopped. But in his hand he
 ly - in' there to mold. They plant - ed flow - ers

E^b **B^b 7**

big - top and the en - vy of them all. She
held on a band of gold - en curls so bright, }
on his grave, but they had failed to grow, Be -

Fm7 **B^b 7** **E^b**

was his ev - 'ry heart - beat un - til her fa - tal fall.
tak - en from his loved one. on her fa - tal night.
cause of the sor - row in the heart of GI - GO - LO.

CHORUS **E^b** **B^b** **Fm7**

GI - GO - LO. The peo - ple's show, Bring - ing laugh - ter to them, But the cruel world, it

B^b 7 **E^b** **B^b 7** **E^b**

held - no laugh - ter for him 2. His
3. The him.

As recorded by Johnnie and Jack on RCA - Victor Record 20-5483

PIG LATIN SERENADE

By
WENDELL BYNUM


Brightly

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves in D major, 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melody with accents (>) and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

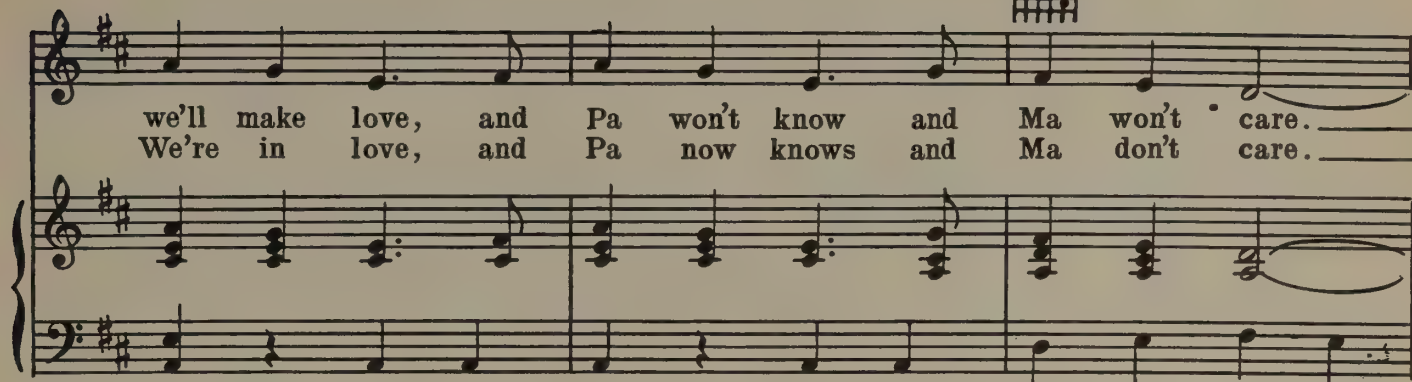
Second system of music. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Above the vocal staff are guitar chord diagrams for D and A7. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *p-f* (piano to forte). The lyrics are: "O - day ou - yay eak - spay ig - pay at - in - lay, Hon - ey —" repeated twice.

Third system of music. It includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Es - yay, We'll go down to lov - er's lane and" repeated twice, followed by "Es - yay, We're in sat - in speak - ing lat - in,". The piano part continues with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

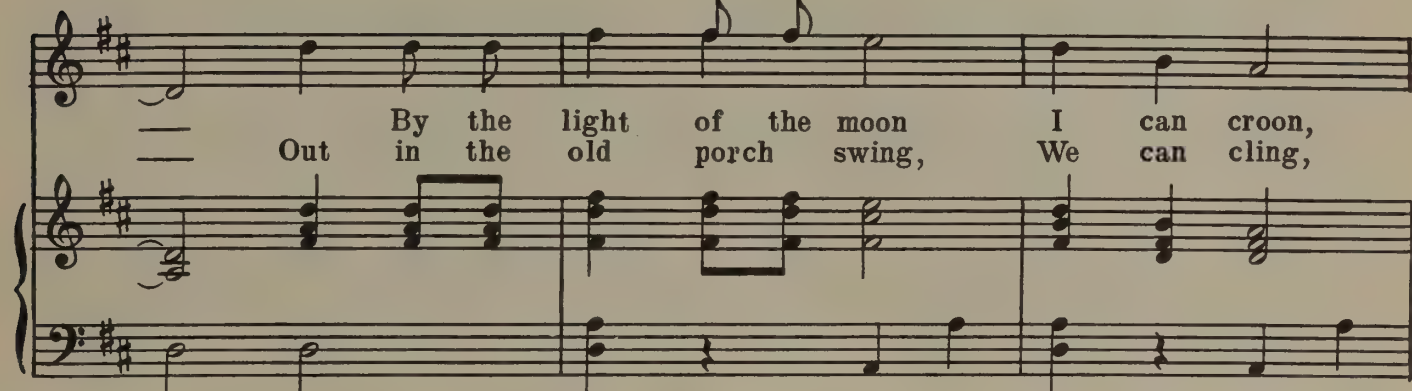
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 D

we'll make love, and Pa won't know and Ma won't care.
We're in love, and Pa now knows and Ma don't care.

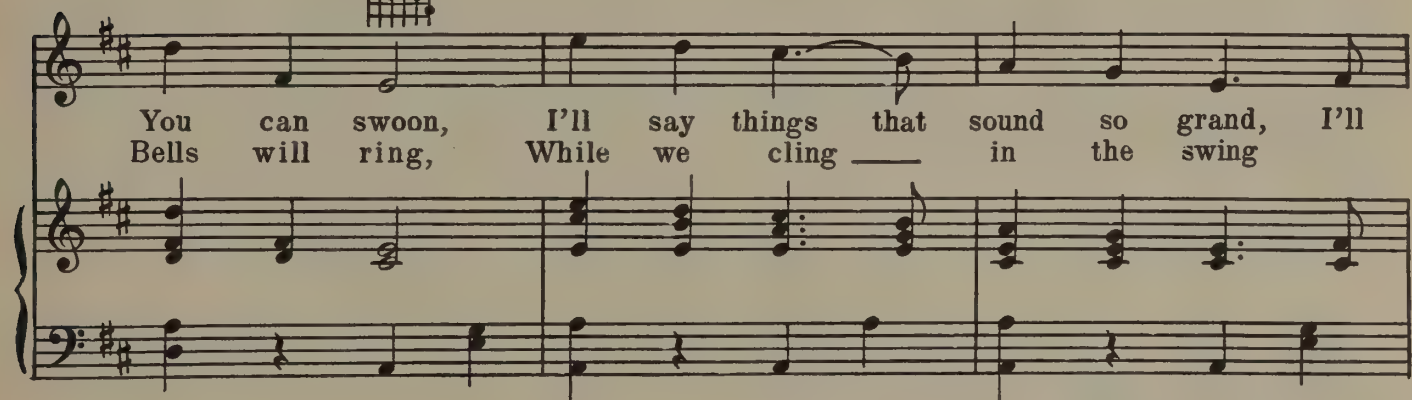






Out By the light of the moon I can croon,
in the old porch swing, We can cling,



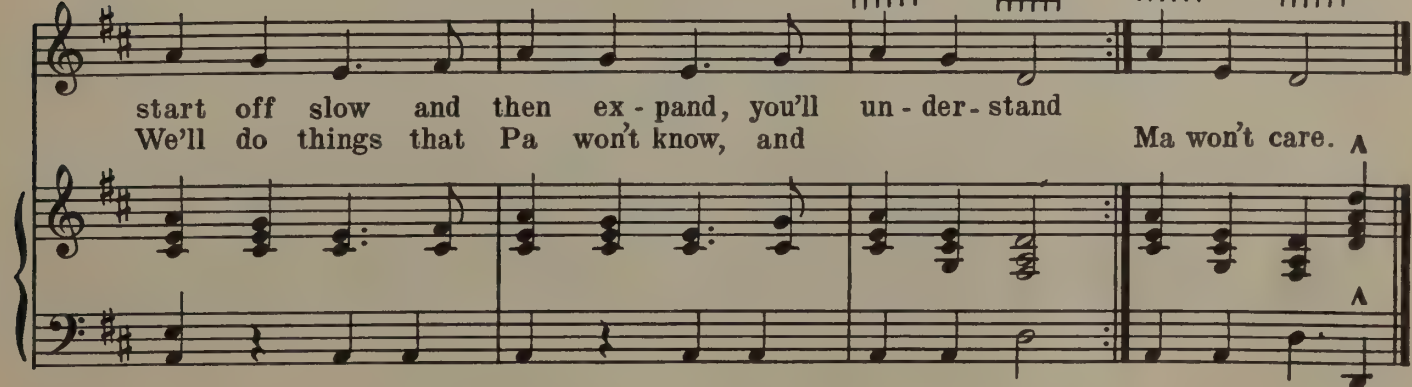
 A7

You can swoon, I'll say things that sound so grand, I'll
Bells will ring, While we cling in the swing



 1 A7  D  2 A7  D

start off slow and then ex - pand, you'll un - der - stand
We'll do things that Pa won't know, and Ma won't care. A



THAT AIN'T IN ANY CATALOG

KAY EVANS
FRED STRYKER

VERSES

Brightly

Male { 1. Back on the farm I
2. Pa used to say the
3. I al - ways dreamed that

Female { 1. Back on the farm I
2. Pa used to say the
3. The cat - a - log came

C

1. tho't the world came in a cat - a - log A
2. cat - a - log had all we'd ev - er need So
3. some - day I would get a check - ered suit The

C#° *Dm*

1. tho't the world came in a cat - a - log A
2. cat - a - log had all we'd ev - er need So
3. in the spring and read - in' would be - gin They

G7 *C*

1. cou - pon brought us fry - ing pans or go - pher traps or hogs But
2. all of us would set a spell and read and read and read But
3. ri - fle on page for - ty - four it real - ly was a beaut But

1. cou - pon brought us fry - ing pans or go - pher traps or hogs Then
2. all of us would set a spell and read and read and read But
3. sent an - oth - er in the fall 'cause that one got too thin One

1. one day at a car - ni - val a bub - ble danc - er smiled She
 2. when a red-head cir - cus queen came up and kissed my ear I
 3. I fot - got a - bout those things when I sat drink - in' beer Some

1. one day at a car - ni - val the strong man up and smiled He
 2. when that ci - ty trav - 'lin man came up and kissed my ear I
 3. day while swim-min' in the lake a life-guard came in sight I

1. shook her bub - ble right at me and I ran home plumb wild
 2. gave a yell that all my kin in sev - en states could - hear
 3. "cute blonde turned and winked at me and said: "Big boy come here?"

1. showed his man - ly chest to me and I ran home plumb wild.
 2. gave a yell that all my kin in sev - en states could hear.
 3. yelled for help and tried to drown so he would hold me - tight.

MALE

4. The catalog came in the spring and readin' would begin
 They sent a new one in the fall 'cause that one got too thin
 Then one day in a side-show tent I saw a pair of tights
 And when she shook I made a noise that blew out all the lights

5. On page eighteen a pretty gal smiled in a bathing suit
 I filled the coupon out and wrote: "Send one of these she's cute?"
 I got an answer and my heart was heavy as a rock
 They sent my money back and said: "That number's not in stock"

FEMALE

4. I used to read the ads and dream of things I'd someday own
 Those frilly silky negligees those dresses so hytone
 But when I met a guy named Zeke I settled for much less
 'Cause what he did was much more fun than buyin' a new dress.

5. On page eighteen a handsome lad smiled in a union suit
 I filled the coupon out and wrote: "Send one of those he's cute?"
 I got an answer and my heart was heavy as a rock
 They sent my money back and said: "That number's not in stock"

CHORUS

C7-6 F G7 C

Hey Pa _____ THAT AIN'T IN AN - Y CAT - A - LOG She
He

D7 G7 C7-6

made me tin - gle clear down to my toes _____ Hey

F G7 C C#°

Ma _____ THAT AIN'T IN AN - Y CAT - A - LOG You got - ta go and

G7 C C7-6 C G7 C

fetch me one of those. _____ Hey those. _____



The Sovereign State of Virginia, which yields to none in the Union as a stronghold of mountain-bred folk music, has come up with a new musical champion in Mac Wiseman, from the foot of White Top Mountain, who holds forth on the Old Dominion Barn Dance (WRVA, Richmond).

Oddly, though Virginia's folk music has been well explored by researchers, it has developed relatively few widely known singers in the popular hillbilly idiom. But big, young Mac Wiseman, who's toted a git-box since he was a boy, is putting his home state on the country-style music map.

Mac was born and raised on a farm eight miles from Waynesboro, and he grew up with the old, old songs he learned on the farm, in church and from itinerant gospel singers. He learned to pick out his own accompaniments on a \$3.98 mail-order guitar.

Later, Mac won a radio amateur contest and managed to get a job on a Saturday-night radio show in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Obtaining steady work outside the entertainment field, he saved his money, took a course in radio announcing and went back to the station to do week-round announcing.

Since then, Wiseman has won increasing audiences for his music. Before coming to the Old Dominion Barn Dance, Mac appeared regularly on the "Louisiana Hayride," the "Tennessee Barn Dance" and the "Grand Ole Opry."

Now recording on the Dot label, Mac's diskings are best sellers and juke-box favorites all over the country. His current releases include "Waltz You Saved For Me," "Love Letters In The Sand," "Remembering," "I'd Rather Die Young" and "Going Like Wild Fire."

For the past several months, a pretty song called "Let Me Be The One" has led the pack in the Country-Western music field. It was recorded on the Four-Star label by Hank Locklin, one of the newer entrants into the big-time will be up there for a long time, and, from all indications, he

Let's now take a look at this talented Floridian's background.

Hank was born in McClellan, Florida, in 1918, and has been singing, writing songs and strumming guitar since he was ten years old. His radio career began immediately following graduation from high school in Munson, Florida, at stations WCOA, Pensacola, and WDLF, Panama City — both in the 'Gator State. Later on he worked at some of the larger stations throughout the Southland.

Although he was an extremely popular entertainment personality wherever he went, his break to gain recognition as an artist and songwriter seemed a long time coming. But Hank's rare musical talents just couldn't go unrecognized forever, and one day he submitted samples of his songs to Mr. Harold Daily of the South Coast Amusement Co. of Houston, Texas. Mr. Daily liked Hank's work and arranged a trial record release with the Four-Star Record Co. of Los Angeles, Calif. The tune was "The Same Sweet Girl," which, after a slow start, blossomed into a big seller.

Following Locklin recordings also found quick acceptance throughout the country, and with the release of "Let Me Be The One," Hank's popularity really zoomed.

Married since 1938 to the former Willa Jean Murphy, Hank is the proud father of three fine children: Margaret, Maurice and Beth.



KENTUCKY WALTZ

Tune Ukulele A D F#B

Words and Music by
BILL MONROE

Moderate Waltz

mf

mp-mf

G⁷ *Gdim* *G⁷*

We were waltz - in' that night— in Ken-tuck - y, ————— Be-neath the

beau - ti - ful har - vest moon, ————— And I was the

boy that was luck - y, ————— But it all end - ed too

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soon; As I sit here a - lone in the moon - light,

I see your sail - ing face; And I

long — once more for your — em - brace And that beau - ti - ful KEN -

TUCK - Y WALTZ. We were WALTZ.

poco rit.

The score includes guitar chords: C, C7, F, A^b7, C, A7, D7, G7, C, F[#]dim, G7, C, Fm6, C. It also features piano accompaniment with various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.



Although many folks think that glamour girls are found only in the popular music world, a second glance at the roster of Grand Ole Opry stars should certainly disprove that belief. For, a certain young lady named Goldie Hill has added much feminine charm and appeal to the pickin' and singin' trade, and, if a popularity poll were taken of the top gal Country-Western artists, she would most likely walk off with first prize.

Born in Karnes City, Texas, in 1933, Goldie is the baby of the Hill family — a group boasting four children — three boys and a girl. She led a rather ordinary life, until one day in July of 1952, when she and her mom went to Nashville, Tenn., to attend a recording session of her brother Tommy, then an up-and-coming Decca artist. It seems that, during a lull, Goldie picked up a guitar and began to strum and sing a little. But the beauteous Texas gal never got a chance to finish the number, as Decca's Paul Cohen happened to hear her and signed her to a contract almost on the spot.

Goldie, who had shown musical leanings since early childhood, did occasional dates with her brothers, but it wasn't until Webb Pierce heard her in San Antonio that she decided to take her singing seriously.

Since that time, Goldie Hill has been among Decca's outstanding sales attractions, having waxed such favorites as "I Let The Stars Get In My Eyes" and her latest, "I'm Yesterday's Girl." Before coming to Nashville, Tenn., and WSM, she was featured on the KWKH (Shreveport, La.) Louisiana Hayride.

On the personal side, Goldie stands a lovely 5'4", weighs around 129 pounds, has blue eyes and light hair.

Just about two years ago, a Decca recording called "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels" zoomed to the top of most folk music popularity charts in record time. The voice on this best-selling disc belonged to a pretty Nashville, Tennessee, gal named Kitty Wells, who has since established herself among the all-time greats in Hillbilly music. Today, she is turning out many a fine tune for the Decca people, in addition to starring on the WSM Grand Ole Opry.

Kitty first saw daylight in the Country song capital on August 30, 1919. As a youngster, she used to listen to the fine singing and strumming of her railroader dad, Charlie Carey Deason. Thus, she learned the truly American art of the folk ballad during her early childhood.

In 1937, the young hopeful embarked on a career in radio, first appearing on WSIX in Nashville. She was warmly received by fellow Tennesseans and was invited to perform on other stations throughout the South, which included WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.; WPTF, Raleigh, N.C.; and KWKH, Shreveport, La. Kitty was featured soloist on the Louisiana Hayride for several years previous to her return to Nashville.

As Mrs. Johnnie Wright — who, incidentally, is the Johnnie of "Johnnie and Jack" fame — Kitty is the proud mother of two girls and one boy. Although she spends a good deal of her time doing personal appearances and radio shows, she is a mother first — and an entertainer second.

Kitty stands 5'7", weighs 137 lbs., has black hair, brown eyes and a sincere, melodic singing style. Listed among her outstanding Decca recordings are "I Don't Claim To Be An Angel," "The Life They Live In Songs" and her latest effort, "Release Me."

